



## Cedarville Review

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Volume 13

Article 10

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2010

# Sinking

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### Recommended Citation

Roberts, Amanda (2010) "Sinking," *Cedarville Review*: Vol. 13 , Article 10.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview/vol13/iss1/10>

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# Amanda Roberts

## Sinking

You don't see much when you look in the mirror,  
but crap is all that ever seems to stare back at you.  
Some days, you believe you could find a best friend  
at knife point, and suicide sounds good  
because it is selfish,  
and selfish sounds like perfection.  
Instead of creating a pyramid of pills  
inside your stomach,  
you release air, laughing hard  
so you won't hurt anyone else.  
and the last time you spoke  
in rhyming syllables  
with happiness on your fingertips,  
is the white static  
of raw-ended cerebral nerves  
clicking through your mind.  
The married couples try to comfort you,  
but you can't hear much past  
the gleaming of their engagement rings.  
Despite their black spot lifestyles,  
the homosexuals dashing  
through television channels  
fit the outlined void  
of everyone else's shadow.  
In your loneliness you wonder  
why you and the stars  
cannot hold hands;  
but this stays beyond your understanding,  
and the deep space exists all the same.  
You have always planned your escape  
like a striped jailbird soaring out from slim gilded bars,  
but now you shut the door  
in the face of everyone.  
So hug a boxing bag tightly,  
and let it pull you to the ocean floor,  
because there the darkness swallows  
the visions of every swimmer,  
like the hollow in your eyes.